

# **Spin the Bottle**

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## Spin the Bottle by milevenmirkwood

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**Genre:** M/M, Party, Party Games, Reddie, Teens, i guess multi ships, mostly reddie

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers - Character

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

“Empty bottle you guys! Anyone wanna play?” Bev suggested, wiggling her eyebrows before sliding down onto the carpeted living room floor.

“Yeah right! How’s it fun for us? We have a 1/7 chance of kissing you!” Bill said, smiling distantly at her.

“Well we all know Ben’ll take those odds!” Richie exclaimed and everyone chuckled. “Come on you guys it’ll be fun. Also it’s my birthday so you have too.” Richie finished, plopping on the floor.

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### Author's Note:

I'VE BEEN ON A REDDIE KICK AND I'M NOT SORRY! ALSO I'M KINDA TIPSY WRITING THIS AND THAT I AM SORRY ABOUT!

“Welcome, welcome, welcome to casa de Tozier!” Richie said for the third time as Mike and Stan were the last ones to arrive.

“We’ve been here before Richie.” Stan said, rolling his eyes.

“Yeah, but as regular guests. Not party guess, Stanny boy! Come in and help yourselves to a drink.”

“Where’d you get booze?” Mike asked, stepping in and removing his coat.

“I know a guy.” Richie said with a smirk.

“Beep beep Richie.” A familiar voice said.

Richie looked over his shoulder slyly as Mike and Stan gawked at none other than Beverly Marsh.

“Beverly?” Stan questioned to which Bev smiled widely.

“Holy crap.” Mike said as he enveloped Bev in a hug. “Why didn’t you tell us you were in town? God we haven’t seen you since-“

“That day in the Barrens.” Stan finished, hugging Bev.

“It was a surprise to me too! I went out to get snacks and I come back to see her smoking a Winston on my porch.” Richie said, leading them into the living room.

There sat Ben, Eddie and Bill on the couch, Ben the only one without a red cup. Mike and Stan said there hellos and made their way to the kitchen.

“Now that everyone’s here, now we can celebrate properly.” Richie announced, cranking up the stereo.

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Beverly made her way towards the center of the living room, sipping her drink and dancing carefree. Ben and Bill watched her adoringly while Eddie gazed at Richie in the kitchen with Stan and Mike. It was Richie’s seventeenth birthday on that chilly December night. It was crazy how much yet how little Richie changed. Physically was the most noticeable, Richie reaching a whopping 6’1 with shaggy black hair and now donned contacts. Personality wise he was still the same, loud and annoying and a smartass. Now Richie was giant in his own house, laughing with Stan and Mike while pouring them drinks. Richie scanned the living room before his eyes locked on Eddie’s. Richie smiled and it made Eddie’s heart race because it wasn’t Richie’s usually smug or shit eating smiles. It was genuine and in a room full of people, the smile made Eddie feel alone and special.

At that moment Ben, who’s weight slimmed down remarkably, gathered the courage to approach Beverly. She grabbed his hands and pulled him closer, dancing freely while Ben tried not to combust. Stan and Mike left the kitchen with cups in their hands and Eddie saw the opportunity to make his way there, pretending to idly snack on chips.

“You having a good time Eds?” Richie asked, standing behind him.

“Are you ever gonna stop calling me that?” Eddie complained even though he didn’t mind the nickname.

“Perhaps, but certainly not today as it is my nameday and I shall get what I want!” Richie said in an awful British accent, draping an arm around Eddie’s shoulders. “Want me to freshen that up for ya?” Richie asked, nodding to Eddie’s empty cup.

Normally Eddie would refuse alcohol as it lowered your inhibitions and immune system, but the cup Eddie had was already having an affect on him.

Eddie nodded shyly and Richie beamed at him before squeezing his cheeks.

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The party was in full swing, everyone but Ben pleasantly tipsy when Mike asked “Hey Richie! Where you’re parents?”

Richie relaxed into the couch and topped off his drink.

“My dad’s on business trip and my mom doesn’t live here anymore.” Richie slurred, looking down.

There was a noticeable shift in tone until Bev topped off one of Richie’s dad’s beers and struck an idea.

“Empty bottle you guys! Anyone wanna play?” Bev suggested, wiggling her eyebrows before sliding down onto the carpeted living room floor.

“Yeah right! How’s it fun for us? We have a 1/7 chance of kissing you!” Bill said, smiling distantly at her.

“Well we all know Ben’ll take those odds!” Richie exclaimed and everyone chuckled. “Come on you guys it’ll be fun. Also it’s my birthday so you have too.” Richie finished, plopping on the floor.

The others followed, sitting in a circle as Bev laid the beer bottle in the center. The carpeted surface didn’t give a lot of momentum so when Beverly spun the bottle, it immediately landed on the person right next to her. Mike looked between Ben and Bill nervously before Bev pulled his face towards hers in a brief peck. Mike cleared his throat before giving the bottle a hard spin.

The bottle landed on Ben and everyone let out shocked laughs. Mike and Ben moved forward before reluctantly kissing so fast only Bart Allen could see. Eddie laughed somewhat nervously and then took his turn. The bottle only spun for a second, landing on Bill.

Richie watched with the eyes of a hawk as their lips met, only briefly in reality but an eternity to Richie. If looks could kill Big Bill would

be floating.

Stan's turn was next and he prayed hard. Thankfully it landed on Bev who he pecked on the lips. Richie was next and he spun, unknowingly hoping. The bottle stopped and landed on Eddie. Both of their hearts stopped as they locked eyes. Eddie grasped for the fanny pack he hadn't worn since that day at Neilbolt house. It was easier to read Richie's eyes without his glasses distorting them and as the grew closer and closer, what was written in Richie Tozier's eyes was a clear as day.

Lust.

Only Eddie didn't realize his eyes were reflecting the same.

Richie's lips crashed onto Eddie's and Eddie felt that feeling again. Time seemed to slow as Eddie slowly kissed back. Eddie felt his heart flipping in his chest. When Richie deepened the kissing, licking at his lower lip he knew he was drunk he allowed Richie's tongue in his mouth.

Millions and millions of germs transferred between the two, but Eddie delighted in the taste of Richie's smoky sweet spit. Richie brought Eddie closer, wrapping a hand around the nape of Eddie's neck as Eddie leaned forward to allow Richie. Eddie's tongue slid across Richie's and both of their jeans grew tighter at the contact.

A small wolf whistle brought the two back to Earth as they separated, breathing heavily. Both of their eyes were blown wide and Eddie pulled away swiftly to hide his erection. Richie bit down on his plump lower lip, noticing the tent in Eddie's shorts. The two looked around to see knowing smiles on the others faces.

Bill then reached for the bottle and it spun before landing on Stan. The two boys groaned before leaning in.

**Author's Note:**

THIS WAS PROBABLY REALLY CRAPPY, BUT I  
HOPE YOU LIKED IT!